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SATURDAY, *April* 18, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

AT length they entered a deep and narrow glen, surrounded by high hills, and overshadowed by tall trees, such as are frequent in that wild country, for they were then on the confines of Arragon.

As they descended, Adelaide thought she beheld the turrets of a castle peeping from behind the trees, as the wind moved them in different directions; nor was she mistaken, for this was the end of their journey, and the castle destined for her residence, until her sentiments should prove more favourable towards her companion.

They were obliged to get out of the carriage at the foot of the hill, for the horses could not pierce through the trees, and in perfect silence they walked a considerable way, till they came to the high walls that enclosed the building.

They found a ready entrance, for a messenger had preceded them; but the appearance struck terror to the heart of the intended victim; it was more gloomy, more ruinous and terrific, than the castle of Donna Padilla, and she saw this as the grave of her innocence and happiness, unless heaven interposed to save her:—a short, but fervent prayer was addressed to the Deity, and her heart reposed with humble hope on a gracious Providence.

Don Felix led her into a noble room, that had been superbly furnished with crimson velvet, and gold lace; the latter was much tarnished, but the former was in tolerable preservation; the make of the furniture was so antique, though grand—the ornaments, though costly, so heavy and gloomily magnificent, that it inspired a kind of reverential horror, such as she had never felt before, and unable to suppress the contending emotions that overwhelmed her, she sunk on a couch, and burst into tears.

Felix, alarmed at her agitation, was retreating hastily, to call for some assistance; forgetful, in that moment, that he was an object of greater terror, than any that surrounded her, she shrieked out, "Oh! do not, do not leave me here!"

"Dearest Adelaide, (said he, returning,) do not indulge any apprehensions. You are mistress here, and may command what you please. When your needless fears subside, this castle will not prove so melancholy and dismal as may be apprehended, and your continuance here must depend upon yourself."

"Go sir, go, (said she faintly,) I am ashamed of my folly in being terrified by inanimate objects, and calling for help from the author of my distress. Leave me, I pray you, to recover myself. This, I suppose, is to be my prison."

He left the room, and soon after a decent kind of middle-aged woman, entered with wine and biscuits. She spoke not, but by her motions seemed to intimate that she knew they could not understand each other.

Adelaide accepted of what was brought to her, for her spirits required support, and she could not, like many surprising heroines, pass her days without food, and her nights without rest, for weeks together.

The woman viewed her with a friendly aspect, and then motioned to invite her into an adjoining apartment—She followed her, and saw a very noble bed-room, in the same stile of old-fashioned grandeur, descriptive of the opulence and antiquity of the family.

She was given to understand by signs this was to be her bed-chamber. With an oppressed heart, she returned to the first room, where she found Don Felix was waiting for her. As their conversation differed very little from the preceding ones, we shall leave them mutually dissatisfied, and return to the friends and enemies of Adelaide.

The same evening that the Marchioness de Gusman returned grieved and disappointed to her house, her brother, the governor arrived, and when informed of her meeting with the countess le Marr, and her behaviour, he hesitated not a moment to accuse Don Felix as the projector of the plot to rob them of their young friend.

He trembled at her danger, he knew that young nobleman to be amorous and ungovernable. Distracted by conjectures, he attended but little to the surprise of his sister, who had never thought of Don Felix but as a coadjutor with the countess, and was extremely astonished when Don Lopez pronounced, with his usual vehemence, some execrations on his villainy, and vowed to pursue him throughout Spain; but he was uncertain where to direct his search, but thought Madrid the most likely place, as in large cities people's actions are more unobserved, and strangers but little noticed.—The Marchioness, on the contrary, supposed he would take a different route, and was more likely to be found in a distant part of Navarre or Arragon. She depended upon Monsieur St. Amand, she said, for making all possible enquiry on the former road.

"You mentioned him before, I recollect, (said her brother.)—Who is he, or how is he interested in this business?"

Without replying, she went out, and in a moment returned with the memoir of Adelaide.—

"Read these papers," said she, "and your regrets must increase; but it is fitting you should know our friend for what she is, and in the friendly physician, so often mentioned, there recognize Monsieur St. Amand. While your horses and servants rest, look over this memoir—then go, and heaven grant you success!"

"Oh!" cried he, "I am impatient to be gone. Permit me to take this with me; I cannot read them now; I shall send messengers on the different roads." The horses were ordered, and the generous governor set off with full speed.

[We left the countess le Marr at the post-house; she had accidently come to the knowledge of Don Felix's duplicity, by means of the fragments of a letter from Sancho to his master, which her maid had picked up. This together with the unexpected meeting with the Marchioness and Monsieur St. Amand, had thrown her into a state of the most terrific distraction, and a surgeon was obliged to be called.]

She raved incessantly on Don Felix, Adelaide, the Count and Countess de Beauvais, —accused herself of murder,—screamed as if she saw ghosts,—and, in short, spoke too plainly the disorder and terror, that, from the state of her mind, affected her head.

Four days she continued in this dreadful state without intermission. The fifth she had some paroxysms of reason, but they were short, and very oppressive. The sixth about noon, a carriage with several attendants arrived at the house, and were obliged to wait some time for post-horses.—Mittand, the countess's woman, passed the room, where a gentlemen and two ladies were seated. A sudden exclamation made her turn her head more fully towards them, and she beheld Don Diego, his lady, and Donna Isabella, the father, mother, and sister of Don Felix.

Surprise arrested her steps for a moment, and before she had determined whether to address them or fly, Donna Isabella hastily advanced.

"Ah mademoiselle!" cried she, "is your lady here?"

"Yes, madam," replied Mittand, "and she is very ill."

"Ill," repeated Don Diego, who now drew near to them, "in this place!—Is she accompanied by any but her own family?"

"No, signior," replied she.

"Where is Mademoiselle Adelaide?" demanded Isabella.

"Indeed I know not," answered she, "but I must hasten to my lady."—And then, before they could say another word, she glided hastily by them up stairs.

They were all surprised. "There appears something odd and mysterious in this woman's manner, and in the account she gives respecting the countess," exclaimed Don Diego. "I am desirous of better information."

The ladies were not less curious, and the post master was sent for, and interrogated. Every occurrence that had fallen within his observation he related minutely, and to their great astonishment they learned Adelaide was not with her protectress. They desired Antoine might be called, but he was no where to be found; and just as they were consulting about waiting on the sick lady, Mittand came hurrying towards them, wringing her hands, and screaming, "Oh, we are undone!—My lady's strong box, her money, her jewels, her letters, and all, are gone!—The box cannot be found!—My lady is robbed, and here I am left without money or friends!"

The post-master flew about like a madman. "A likely story truly, that she should be robbed in this house, they were a parcel of cheats, and had imposed upon him, and made him send for a doctor too, and now the expence would fall upon him, he would soon make her rise and go out of her vagaries, and sham madness, and that directly too."

All this was uttered with such rage and rapidity, that it was impossible to stop him, but, when he was about to run up stairs, Don Diego laid hold of him.

"Stop," said he, "you are mistaken; I know that lady, and will myself be answerable for whatever debts she may have contracted here."

The words of Don Diego calmed him in a moment, and he began cooly to ask Mittand to explain what she had to say.

Without attending to him, whose broken French she did not understand, she was loudly calling for Antoine, when one of the stable men came forward, and told his master that the footman had gone away at break of day on horseback, as he understood, to fetch the doctor.

This information explained the whole business. Antoine was the only one that knew of the strong box and its contents, besides Mittand; and she being obliged to have recourse to it, to get some necessaries for her lady, she had first missed it, on going up stairs a few minutes before. Rage, sorrow, and perhaps a little envy at his immense riches, of which she had no share, rendered her almost distracted, and her cries and vociferations were so violent, that Don Diego dragged her into the room, that she might not disturb her lady. He sought to calm her turbulent passion, by assuring her he would take care both of her mistress and her, and at length prevailed upon her to wipe off her tears, return up stairs, and see if the ladies could be admitted. They followed her. It happened to be one of the countess's lucid intervals, and happily she had not heard the noise below. Mittand, on approaching her, told her two friends were in the house, and wished to see her.

"Friends!" exclaimed she, rising from her bed, and looking wildly round, "oh, bid them come up—It is long since that I have seen any friends."

The two laies advanced, and tenderly addressed her. She knew them, gave a faint shriek, and then turned her eyes earnestly to the door. "Why does he not come in? Oh! how good you are to bring him back to me!—Don Felix, dear Don Felix, return to me!—Ah, what have I not suffered by your absence!" Turning her eyes to Isabella, she said mournfully, "Have you not brought your brother?—Has not Don Felix sent you to soothe and comfort me?—Will he come, or must I go to him?—But let not Adelaide be there: I will not look upon her: —her mother torments me by night, let not that girl haunt me by day.—Come, then, Mittand, dress me,—I am to accompany the mother and sister of Don Felix:—I know he waits for me at Madrid. Come, quickly dress me."

The astonishment that seized on the minds of the ladies was inexpressible. Every thing relative to Don Felix was strange to them: they were at that time really afflicted on his account.

An order had recently been received at their castle for their son to repair immediately to court. Understanding that he was at Estella, they sent an express after him to the governor's.

The messenger had scarcely returned to Pampeluna, before a second and very peremptory message arrived, accompanied by some menaces of disgrace and dismission from court for his long absence.

Extremely alarmed, Don Diego sent messengers among all his friends; and, having for some time, intended going to Madrid, and taking Isabella there, he thought it his duty to go without loss of time, to pay his duty to the king, and, if possible, deprecate the displeasure his majesty had taken up against his son, for whose mysterious absence he could not account.

Agreeable to this determination, Don Diego, his lady, and daughter, took their rout to Estella, still indulging a hope that from the governor they might gain information; but, on their arrival, he was absent, being then in pursuit of Adelaide.

They continued on their way to Madrid, in a state of suspense, between hope and fear, till they came to Tudella, and stopped to change horses.

Not therefore being in the least acquainted that Don Felix had met with, or accompanied the countess. Nothing could equal the surprise of Isabella and her mother to hear that lady talk so familiarly of him. Donna Maria could not help exclaiming, "What is it you mean, madam? Have you seen my son?—do you know where he is?"

"Yes," answered she, with a mournful air, her ideas suddenly changing,—"yes, he is with Adelaide. Ungrateful and cruel, he has left me for that ungrateful girl.—Look, look, her mother appears!—She was poisoned, she was poisoned!" Then, sinking lower in the bed, she dragged a coverlid over her.

"Good Heavens!" cried Isabella, much terrified, turning to Mittand, "why your mistress is deranged! What does she mean by talking thus of my brother and Adelaide? —have you seen him, or what is become of her?—Speak, if you wish for any favour from us."

Before the woman could reply, the countess had recovered from her momentary terror, and drew up her head: looking stedfastly on the ladies, "You are Donna Maria and Isabella; tell me the worst that is to befal me. Am I to be prosecuted for the murder, or will Don Felix return to save me?"

The ladies could not stand a scene so painful, but withdrew, making a sign to the terrified Mittand to follow them.

She, seeing the unhappy fate of her mistress, and, perhaps, fearful of the poverty

that awaited her, now all her lady's property was gone, wisely concluded she had best seek for other friends, and disclose all she knew.

She attended the ladies below, and briefly repeated the journey of Don Felix with the countess, that the girl her lady had kindly taken from the mountains had seduced his affections, and then run away from the countess, and, in a short time after the Don suddenly left her lady, as he said, to go to court, but, as they believed, to join that vile Adelaide, for a piece of a letter from Sancho had explained the whole business — Her lady, who dearly loved the young gentleman, was now in pursuit of him, but the fatigue and trouble of her mind, and meeting with some persons here at the post-house, who had been her great enemies, had altogether overcome her strength and her senses; and the wicked thief. Antoine, having helped himself to all their riches, her lady would be turned out of doors—starved to death; and she, after so many years of faithful service, would suffer want in a strange country.

This jumble of truth and falshood she accompanied with a flood of tears, that moved her audience very much.

"The story you have told us," said Don Diego, "is so very extraordinary—my son's conduct in this business so unlike a man of honour, and a gentleman, that it alarms and pains me. I fear he has not conducted himself properly. What share of blame may be attached to the countess, we know not, but her distresses and situation, were she a perfect stranger, and ever so culpable, demands our assistance—much more if what we have heard is true."

"Indeed," cried Isabella, earnestly, "she claims our tenderest pity; but I would give much to be informed of this Adelaide.—Do you really think, (addressing Mittand,) that my brother knows any thing of her?"

"As sure, madam, as you sit there alive, your ladyship is quite mistaken in her. She run away from my lady with some fellow, and the governer went after her, and bro't her back, and carried her to his sister's, and now lately she has runned away from her too, for the lady has been riding about the country after her; and met my lady here, and a sad piece of work she has made in both families, for she tried to make the governor in love with her too"

"What an artful, shameless girl," exclaimed Donna Maria,—"I thought what she was, though you, Isabella, believed her so amiable. I tremble for my son if such an abandoned baggage gets hold of him."

"Do not judge too rashly," said Don Diego; "a short time may clear this matter up; mean time we will send for the doctor, and this gentlewoman may go back to her mistress; but take care, (added he, addressing Mittand,) should her senses return, not to mention any thing of the robbery, as that might have a fatal effect."

The doctor soon obeyed the summons, and expressed his hopes of a favourable turn to the disorder of his patient, and appeared to be an intelligent, skilful man; Don Diego, therefore, gave some money into his hands, and requested his best care of the lady.

The post-master was amply satisfied, and the ladies gave Mittand a tolerable supply for her present wants.

The liberal mind of Isabella could not reconcile the tale she had heard to the disadvantage of Adelaide, with that candour and sweetness she had been struck with in her behaviour, and the frankness with which she had mentioned her dependant situation. She wondered, indeed, that Adelaide had never written to her, nor by any means endeavoured to cultivate her regards; yet she would not hastily decide against a young person she had felt so inclined to love.

Don Diego, who knew too many instances of folly and misconduct in his son's behaviour, was not so much surprised as hurt by what he had been told. His conduct, he feared, had been very reprehensible both towards the countess and this Adelaide, whose beauty, innocence, and friendless situation, entitled her to the consideration of every man of honour: the more he reflected, the more he was disturbed, and proceeded on his journey in much inquietude.

Donna Maria, who could find no faults in her son, but believed every one must be attracted by his person and merits, doubted not but both ladies were in love with him, and that jealousy and rivalship had produced the events Mittand had related.

Under such different impressions, and minds deeply occupied by their own reflections, they silently journied towards Madrid.

After their departure, the countess continued fluctuating several days, but became gradually sensible and more composed. The doctor congratulated her on her returning health, and she thought it became her to reward him handsomely for his diligent care and attendance.

She ordered Mittand to bring her strong-box. Neither the robbery, nor the desertion of Antoine, had yet been discovered to her. Her woman, looking extremely confused, stammered out, "I believe Don Diego gave the doctor money enough for that purpose."

"Don Diego pay my doctor!" cried she, with an air of surprise and haughtiness, "I do not comprehend you."

The doctor very frankly told her every circumstance, mentioned the money he had disbursed, and the sum remaining in his hands.—He then acquainted her with the extent of her misfortunes—the steps taken to trace Antoine—the generosity of Don Diego, and his wishes to serve her, should she think proper to follow them to Madrid.

No words would do justice to the scene that followed. Her natural violence of temper acquiring a degree of insanity from her late disorder, broke out into the most horrid paroxysms of rage and invectives, curses, exclamations, grief, and despair. He tried every method to sooth and comfort her, but this only seemed to increase her violence and distress, for they knew not that she dreaded his being overtaken: the recovery of her strong-box could not counterbalance for the injury she might sustain from this man's provoked malice. They knew not how deeply he was in his lady's secrets; and that she must submit quietly to the man who had wronged her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE

Of the Daughter of ERIC, *who was king of Sweden in the third Century.*

[From Accounts and Extracts of Manuscript in the Library of the late King of France]

ERIC had only one daughter, named Thorborg, who disdaining the ordinary feminine occupations, consecrated herself, from her earilest years, to all the exercises of war. When her father had settled an estate on her, she took man's habit, the cuirass, helmet, and sword; changed her name from that of Thorborg, and took the title of King. She fixed her residence at Oulleroker, (Ulleraker) and received with distinction all warlike people that came to her court, as long as they had no intentions of marriage.

A warrior famed for his valour reigned in the Western Gothlan; his name was Rolf. The sovereign power he was vested with did not belong to him by right of nature; but Kiettil, his elder brother, had the generosity to yield it to him, as he knew himself inferior to Rolf in the requisite qualities for a good governor. Kiettil knowing of no wife that might suit his brother better than the Princess of Sweden, advised him ask her in marriage. Rolf having at first obtained the consent of King Eric, went to present himself to Thorborg, covered *with* one arm, and a sword in hand: the demand was as stoutly rejected as it was made. Thorborg answered, that it had never been her intention to turn a drudging woman, or a maid, to any one; and she, having taken up her weapons, and armed her people, forced this pretender to make his retreat. Judging, however, that a warrior like Rolf would not be frightened from his enterprize, she hastened to encompass her house with an entrenchment. Eric gave permission to this Prince to effect his project at any rate: he returned therefore, at the head of an numerous troop, and after repeated fruitless attacks leaped over the entrenchment. Surprised to find nobody therein, and to see only tables covered with all kinds of dishes, he was soon aware that a secret passage had favoured the flight of the Princes, and that those dishes were left there only as a temptation in their way on the pursuit. Every corner was searched out; they discovered the subterraneous passage; they traced it, and at the other extremity they saw Thorborg and her troop in order of battle. The combat was hot, and for some time uncertain: victory at last declared for the Prince, and Thorborg became his prisoner. She was treated with the greatest respect, and repaired to Upsal, to her father, where she quitted her man's dress and married her conqueror.

Plan of Female Education.

No. V.

BUT whether our little pupil be educated in either of these ways, the same method should be pursued. The great secret of instructing young minds is, never to let them perceive that learning is a task. Against this the mind is ever ready to revolt. This opposition to tasks, perhaps, arises from that powerful principle of freedom which is so indeliably marked on our nature by the Author of our being——Therefore, to cause our ELIZA speedily to progress in the path of science, we must be careful not to thwart nature, but to go hand in hand with it. Whatever we wish her to learn, let her teacher often in her hearing insist on its great usefulness, the pleasures resulting from the knowledge of it, and the disgrace that is connected with ignorance: let some ladies be praised for their knowledge, and others, with fictitious names, also described, who are justly despised, because they have had the best opportunities of acquiring knowledge and did not improve them.

It may indeed happen, that at the first she may not much attend to the matter; but the subject must be again introduced, and some lady praised for having earnestly requested to be instructed in that favourite branch of education: still, however, no part of these discourses must be directly applied to her, let her be left to make her own applications, which she will assuredly do, and will seriously petition for liberty to begin that part of learning which has been described as so useful and pleasing—She must then be permitted to begin the study, and always to mark out her own task: indeed, having her mind so warmed with the descriptions of its usefulness, her teacher will have frequently to make her lesson shorter than she desires—Thus she will proceed with rapidity, to the unspeakable delight of her intelligent teacher.

I know it is a practice, sanctioned by long custom, immediately after a child has acquired a little facility in writing, to begin the study of arithmetic. Perhaps another course of studies might be found more advantageous. It cannot be expected, that at the age of *seven*, or *eight*, our pupil's judgment is sufficiently strong to commence a course of arithmetical studies—our ELIZA must not attempt it—let her day be equally divided, the one half may be spent in acquiring the use of her needle, let the other half be taken up in perfecting her writing, in reading and committing to memory such pieces only as have a direct tendency to strengthen both her judgment and memory. I must however, before I proceed, be permitted to correct an error, which in many instances has proved very detrimental: not only teachers, but parents also, have confined girls of six, seven, or eight years of age, to sit stock still for hours together, thinking thereby to forward them in their learning. This mistaken mode of treatment, has not only caused the child to entertain a rooted aversion to learning, but in a thousand instances brought on diseases which in the end proved fatal. At this age nature requires much exertion and active exercises to strengthen the body; and assuredly we would be but poor gainers, if by sedentary habits in the acquirement of learning, we should bring on diseases which would carry our pupil to the grave.—She must never exceed an hour in sitting at any one exercise, and if of a delicate constitution she must not sit more than half that time—but the tender parent will undoubtedly think of this, and the intelligent teacher will subscribe to its utility.

After she has read through her Book of Animals, and is acquainted with the grand distinguishing characters of those that are most worthy of notice, I would wish her to begin the study of the History of her own country, and Geography. Here she must not be perplexed with difficult definitions and perplexing problems—every lesson must be very plain. I approve of this course of study rather than Arithmetic, because the first, she may acquire a general knowledge of by merely exercising her memory, but the last cannot be acquired but by the exercise of all the mental powers.

In this study it would greatly aid the progress of young pupils, if some gentleman would present the rising generation with an abstract of American History, interspersed with anecdotes of these excellent and patriotic characters, whose exertions in behalf of their country can never be forgotten.

With such an assistant in our pupil's hand, her labour would not be burthensome. In a short time she would be able to give a brief account of those events which have happened, and which are so important in their nature: And were the minds of the fair sex of the present generation properly impressed with this important knowledge, might we not rationally conclude, that the next generation would, at least, prize liberty as highly as their progenitors.

A Friend of the Fair Sex.

The following ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS *are from a correspondent to whom we are considerably indebted. A few of them were published in the 19th number, and the remainder have unavoidably been postponed till the present. They appear to possess wit and ingenuity, and will no doubt amuse some of our readers.*

4. *What likeness is in these things seen,*
Churches and playhouses I mean?
Not that in each we may learn duties,
But that in both beaus look for beauties.

5. *Why is a rainy day like doctor's shops?*
Because in each there are so many drops.

6. *And why is a druggist like the wat'ry main?*
Because that many waters both contain.

7. *Apothecaries' shops, why like, alas!*
The gates of death, which every one must pass?
By killing drugs? no, that I do not say;
But as they're open almost night and day.

8. *Why is a lawyer like a gun?*
Because it's best them both to shun.

9. *I wish to know, O tell me if you can,*
Why an attorney's like an honest man?
The greatest likeness hence proceeds,
They're men of words and also *deeds*.

10. *Why do our learned judges, pray,*
Resemble carpenters, I say?
This answer take, be satisfi'd,
They both on benches are employ'd.

11. *Why is a hireling preacher like, my friend,*
A cobling cobler with his wax and end?
In shoes or consciences they each stop holes,
And both for money seek the good of souls——soals.

12. *Why is the priest who gives us absolutions,*
Like Doctor Slop, who patches constitutions?
Because it seems each has his trade,
And both I guess mean to be paid.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

This learned man, after possessing himself of all that the sages and philosophers of all ages have said and thought upon the works of nature, wrote the following note at the end of his bible—"I have regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains *more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence*, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed. The two parts of which the scriptures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions, which bear no resemblance in the form or style to any that can be pro-

duced from the stores of Grecian, Persian or even Arabian learning; the antiquity of their compositions no man doubts, and the *unstrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication*, is a solid ground of belief that they are genuine productions, and consequently inspired.

Commentator, No. 5.

"Ah, what is FRIENDSHIP *but a name,*
"A charm that lulls to sleep."

HOW many terms there are which are full of meaning, but which have lost their real signification, and are only used as a mask to disguise sentiments, which, if possessing a name indicative of their nature, would lose the effect intended. Congeniality of sentiment is the tie which connects kindred souls, animated with a desire of obliging each other, for the pleasure of conferring an obligation, and this produces genuine friendship: but interest is the bonds which unite vulgar minds, and which are not to be sundered as long as they are necessary to the convenience of each other. This connection is also dignified with the title of friendship, and is frequently more durable than that which is generally conceived to be the substance as well as the form of it; for the disposition, ideas, views, and the whole character of man, are so liable to change, and so fickle in their nature, that he who this moment receives proffer'd friendship from the man he admires with ardour, and vows to be the faithful repository of his secrets, and in return places the most unbounded confidence in him, thinking that it would be baseness to conceive the slightest suspicion of his fidelity, the very next perhaps his ardour subsides into coolness, and he admits with facility, those suspicions, which just now it was treachery to suffer to enter his thoughts. The real signification of the word is well understood, but the substance has long since been exiled from society in general, and reduced to a "name," which is made conducive to deception, when any romantic character, who has the folly to search after the phantom, offers himself a voluntary victim to the agreeable delusion: when waking from his dream of happiness, in ideal possession of a true friend, he finds himself the dupe of his own folly, yet his principal source of regret probably is, that it was a deceitful vision, with no foundation but in the wild vagaries of his own imagination. MANLIUS is one of those romantic characters who are ever in the pursuit of this fleeting form, and notwithstanding the continual disappointments he has met with, he still supposes he shall be eventually successful. From his youth he has cherish'd the captivating idea of finding a friend in whose faithful bosom he might repose all his sorrows and all his pleasures. He has frequently grasped the fair form, but has always been most wretchedly deceived; yet having become the dupe of his own folly, he does not waste the time in idle regret, but with renovated vigour and activity, recommences the pursuit, and if it eludes his grasp, it only increases his desire to possess it, and strengthens his supposition that this time he will not be deceived. His heart is replete with noble sentiments, and could he find a counterpart to himself, his *ruling passion*, would be gratified. Thus his whole life is a scene of activity in forming new acquaintances, to compensate for the falshood of some imginary friend; and his fortune, which was sufficient to enable him to live in a state of almost unrivalled splendour, by placing his confidence with temerity has dwindled to a mere competence: still he is happy, for he does not consume his time in vain regret for the mortification he has endured, but the instant he knows his disappointment, he has another object in view, the pursuit of which he follows as vigorously as he possibly could, had he never experienced a deception. This man, so remarkable for his eccentricity, is amiable and sensible, but his life will probably be consumed in the attempt to gratify his *ruling passion* without ever succeeding. He will never sink into a state of indolence while his activity is excited, and his attention wholly engrossed in endeavouring to possess one object, which has, and always will, elude his pursuit. As no person I believe, ever followed the attempt so long as MANLIUS, and as he ever experienced disappointment as the result of all his endeavours, we may justly conclude that friendship is "*but a name*," whose real signification is never sought after by the world in general. Some further ideas, upon the unsubstantiality of the term, may probably occupy another paper. J.

A Reader's Gleanings, No. 3.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

(CONTINUED.)

THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kind—as it amuses the fancy—as it improves the understanding—and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences: to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection: to remark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires: the virtues, which contributed to their greatness, and the vices, which drew on their ruin; in short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were, in review before us; appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which, during their life time, so much preplexed the judgment of the beholders. What spectacle can be imagined, so magnificent, so various, so interresting? what amusement either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention?

How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures?

But History is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and a great part of what we commonly call *erudition*, and value so highly, is nothing but our acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons of whatever *sex* or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurnished, 'tis impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing," says the old adage.—The mind "studious of change," naturally wearies with being kept too long confined to one object. I shall therefore request the reader (if I may be honoured with one) to turn to some more entertaining part of your paper, whilst I retire to my closet to—prepare for next Saturday. H. E. I.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The greatest *virtue* that can be acquired is the *habit* of doing good.

The greatest *vice* that can be attained is the *habit* of doing evil.

The *passions*, which are the principal motive of action, serve to exercise our *reason*, which, by comparing consequences, regulates our conduct.

The *passions* and *reason* are rightly proportioned, though the former becomes predominant by habit.

Anecdotes.

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FATHER MASSILON, an eminent divine, in the reign of Louis XIV. was not more distinguished for his talents, than for the singularity of his manners. Of the latter, absence of mind was a principal trait. The following may serve, in some degree, to characterize this singular personage.—Being on a journey in the North of France, and the weather extremely cold, he imprudently exposed himself by journeying in a severe storm of snow. At night he was taken with a slight indisposition, called the morbus ventris. Concluding that he had taken cold, and wishing to pursue his journey the succeeding day, he ordered his host to prepare a tub of water, that he might bathe his feet and legs. The water was made ready, and, it being a late hour, the domestics were gone to rest. None now remained but Massilon and the host, and the latter by the permission of the former, soon retired. But it was nearly fatal to the unfortunate Massilon. The bathing, after some time, gave him ease, and being fatigued with his journey, and lost in a labyrinth of thought, he fell into a profound sleep. His legs were still in the water, which soon chilled, and when he awoke, deplorable was his situation. The ice was four inches thick, and he alone!! No person was near, nor any instrument with which he could break the ice. He pulled —he groaned, (for his legs were frost bitten,)—he hauled the tub around the room. Shame hindered him from bawling to the landlord, until the fear of death overcame his modesty. At last, opening his mouth, and giving vent to his misery, he exclaimed, "*Me sauvez, me sauvez, grand Dieu!* Save me, save me, great God!"—The family alarmed, ran to his assistance, and thawed him out, to his joy, and their no small diversion.

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of *hemming* several times in the course of his speaking, once on a trial concerning a *broken winded* horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken winded was—yes, but I do, says the man, *for he cries ahem, hem, just as you do.*

A Lady in France was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very opportunely asked her for alms. She refused him, when he quitted her, saying with a profound sigh, "Yet the alms I asked you for would have prevented me from executing my present resolution." The lady was alarmed lest the man should commit some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back and gave him two livres, the sum he had begged, and asked what he meant by what he had just said; "Madam," replied the fellow laying hold of the money, "I have been begging all day in vain, and but for these two livres I should have been obliged to *work!*"

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LOTTERIES.

Every part of the United States have in a certain degree encouraged Lotteries, as a lottery is found to be the readiest way to collect money—and as it is a sure yet a voluntary tax. A celebrated satyrist gives the following as a cause of the spirit of lottery adventure—"*Somebody* must draw the highest prize—*any body* may draw it—*nobody* knows who will draw it—therefore *every body* buys a ticket."

A PARADOX.

MATHEMATICIANS affirm, that of all bodies contained under the same superficies, a sphere is the most capacious; but surely they have never considered the amazing capaciousness of that body whose name is now raquested, and of which it may truly be affirmed, that supposing its greatest length 9 inches, greatest breadth 4 inches, and greatest depth 3 inches, yet under these dimensions it contains a solid foot.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

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Presented by the AUTHOR *to his* DAUGHTER, *with a pair of* EAR-RINGS, *on her* BIRTH-DAY.

With joy my dear daughter, and grateful to heaven,
I see you arrive at the age of eleven.
Your little of life has been strew'd with delight;
No ills have you suffer'd; adversity's night
Has lower'd at a distance—Your thanks ought to rise, (sighs.
To HIM who in mercy hath sav'd you from
While others, your equals in age and in form,
Have felt the full force of adversity's storm,
Your Father still lives, and your Mother to bless, (caress.
Your Sisters to smile, and your brothers
Accept the small trifle which tenderness brings,—
You see it is only a pair of EAR-RINGS.
Receive them with caution, and always take care,
That PRUDENCE be ever a RING at your EAR.

STANZA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON AVARICE

FROM what cause does it proceed, that the miser hoards up wealth with such activity, and watches over it with such extreme solicitude. He is determined that it shall never issue from his coffers to purchase luxuries; nay, it is with the utmost difficulty that he can prevail upon himself to procure even the necessaries of life; and when he does, it is always in scanty portions. Why then, I would ask, since he is conscious that he will never use them, does he persist in accumulating riches, and deny himself the supreme pleasure of assisting his fellow creatures in distress? Is it because he is ignorant that there is a great pleasure derived from engagements in the active principles of benevolence? or is it, as I have heard it averred, because he is in constant fear of meeting with that dreadful evil POVERTY?—But it certainly cannot be the latter; for why should he dread that which he seems to enjoy, and which he prefers to indulging in the luxuries which it is in his power to procure. No—certainly that which is his voluntary choice cannot be the object of terror or dislike. It has been said, that it is only liable to those who have not the good sense to despise it, or perspicuity to percieve that it is treated with aversion and contempt by others. But this sentiment is in my opinion erroneous, for sure I am that it is not confined to weak minds, tho' it evidently demonstrates that the person who has submitted to its influence, is not arrived at a state of perfection. There are many who are endowed with a bold imagination and comprehensive genius, and with abilities superior to the general class, but who unfortunately have cast a blemish on their reputation, and acquired the despicable title of a MISER. Many who are classed under this name are undeserving of it; for there are numbers who do not rightly distinguish between *œconomical* and *avaricious*, altho' in reality so different; for the one is praise-worthy, the other contemptible; the sordid wretch who never bestows a boon except for ostentation, assists the profligate, by which means he probably gets into a state of inebriation, while the wise and frugal man seeks out the families of those pests to society, and relieves their wants.

Animated by a desire of following the example which the *Despondent Alonzo*, alias *Herodotus*, alias *Candour*, has afforded, a youth sends you this his first essay at composition, and hopes by dint of good memory and the study of Sheridan's dictionary, that he will not disgrace the refulgent luminary he has taken for his model. JUVENIS

PHILADELPHIA,
April 18, 1801.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Ella's verses to Monimia,*" are suspected not to be original—the incorrect manner in which they are written does not seem to correspond with the sentiments, and their application is by no means evident; however if the writer will satisfy the editor with respect to this, they shall appear next week.

"*Universal Hymn of Praise,*" will certainly have a place, but on account of its length, and other engagements, must wait a convenient opportunity.

"*Johannes*" must complete his "*Life of a Dissipated Young Man,*" before any judgment can be formed of it.

"*G. M. S.*" "*Quid,*" "*Philadelphus,*" and other favours have been received this week. The editor must bespeak the candour of his correspondents generally, to a number of whom he is considerably in arrears, and several of whose communications have not been noticed; reasons of a complex nature frequently operate for their delay, and which it is difficult to detail.

None of the arrivals since our last have brought news of a later date than the 5th ult. a summary of which has been already given.

BOSTON, April 9.

Capt. Lovet arrived here yesterday from Alicant, informs that he fell in with the French squadron from Brest, bound up the Mediterranean. (Their destination is supposed to be Toulon, and from thence to Egypt). Capt. Lovet further informs, that the U. S. frigate George Washington, capt. Bainbridge, had returned from Constantinople to Algiers, and after tarrying there a short time, had been suffered to proceed home. The crew were in good health. All American vessels bound up the Mediterranean are compelled to ride quarantine 40 days before they are permitted to enter any port. Since the rupture between England and the Northern Powers, upwards of 300 sail of Swedish and Danish vessels have been sent into Gibraltar.

The frigates President, Philadelphia, and Essex, are ordered to cruize in the Mediterranean, under the command of Commodore Truxton.

NEW-LONDON, April 8.

On Saturday last, some children wandering in a meadow back of this town, found some roots, said to be of the blue lilly, lying on the ground; of which one of them eat a whole root, and onother a smaller quantity—The former died in one hour after; the latter was much affected, but recovered.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 13.—*On Friday afternoon, a North river sloop, loaded with 900 bushels of rye, belonging to Mr. Runnel, came to anchor off Coenties slip in distress. While the captain and crew, were on shore, procuring a main boom, a ship for Ireland came down the river, ran foul of her, carried away her bowsprit, and in the evening she sunk with all the property on board, amounting to 2000 dollars.*

The late heavy rains have done almost incalculable damage in the New-England states. In Brattleborough and its vicinity, the loss is computed at 20,000 dollars.—In Milford 7000. —In Westmoreland 3000. Mills, fences, bridges, &c. yielding to the impetuosity of the torrent, and many thousands of acres of land were inundated. In the North river the freshes have been very great. In short, such and so wondrous fierce was the rise of the waters, that it may almost with truth be said, as of the ancient Nile—

"That the wild deluge overtook the haste
"Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd."

About ten days ago a Mr. Freelan and son, residing at Patterson Little Falls, were crossing the Passaik river in a canoe, for the purpose of towing some logs across: he tied the rope which held the logs around his body, in order that he might manage the canoe with more ease. The freshes being high, and the current strong, he soon found that he could not land at the spot he intended, and directed his course some rods down the river, by which means the rope slackened, sunk to the bottom, and took fast. The canoe gliding very swift, Mr. Freeland, wholly unsuspicious of his danger, immediately on his having gone the length of the rope, was thrown out of the canoe, and precipitately drawn to the place where the fast was, and thence to the bottom, his friends and neighbours were in vain summoned to his assistance; he remained in the water three hours.

PEDESTRIAN FETE.

WASHINGTON MORTON, *Esq. of New-York, on a wager of* 1000 *dols. walked from Powler's Hook to Philadelphia in* 35 *hours. He set out on Saturday morning last, and arrived in town on Sunday about three o'clock: the time limited was* 40 *hours.*

Mr. Cook, second officer of the ship China of this port, now lying at Newport, (R. I.) a few days ago fell overboard, and was unfortunately drowned. Mr. Cook was an inhabitant of this city.

A dreadful fire took place in Baltimore, on Wednesday morning last, which entirely consumed the house of Col. Rogers in Market-street, with all its contents; the family with the utmost difficulty escaping from the flames. It appears to have been kindled by a villainous incendiary, who has since been lodged in jail.

Marriages.

MARRIED—In this city—On the 8th inst. Mr. Stephen Smith, merchant, to Miss Mary N. Jones, daughter of Mr. Isaac Jones—On the 9th, Mr. James Dungan, of this city, to Miss Anna Holland, of Delaware county—On the 9th by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, capt. J. Yardley, to Miss Sarah Stewart, daughter of Mr. Thomas Stewart—On the 10th, Enien Williams, esq. to Miss Margaret Sims, mantua-maker—On the 11th, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Abel Holme, to Miss Ann Wagner—By the Rev. Bishop White, William Lewis, esq. of this city, to Mrs. Durdin, of Burlington, [N. J.]—On the 15th by the Rev. David Middedolar, Mr. Peter Houzlor, Furrier, of Baltimore, to Miss Sarah Davis Niece of Mrs. E. Hartung, of this city.

———At Plymouth, Montgomery county, on the 9th inst. Mr. Everard Bolton of that place, to Miss Elizabeth Ives, of this city.

———At Walnut-Grove, Montgomery county, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Slator Clay, Mr. David Rittenhouse, to Miss Sarah Hughes.

———At Carlisle, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Robert Davidson, John Kennedy, esq. of Union, Penn. to Miss Polly Creigh, daughter of John Creigh, esq.

———At Georgetown, Potomak, by the Rev. Mr. Balch, Mr. D. English, one of the editors of "The Museum," to Miss Sally Threlkeld, of Georgetown.

Deaths.

DIED—In this city, on the 16th inst. capt. Arnold, of this port—On the 10th inst. Mrs. Margaret Miller, wife of Mr. Alexander J. Miller.

——At Carlisle, the 4th inst. capt. John Sanderson, of Middleton township.

——At Pittsburgh, the 1st inst. George Adams, esq. postmaster there.

——At Charleston, the 28th ult. aged 71 years, Mr. Alexander Rose, esq. merchant.

——In England, Dr. Herschell, the celebrated astronomer, and discoverer of the new planet Georgium Sidus.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed that their 6th payment will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers. Any of the subscribers who may not be regularly served, will oblige the editor by sending word to the office.*

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

For the Philadelphia Repository.

AN ENIGMA.

TO you ye Philadelphians I commend
My services;—I fain wou'd be your friend:
As yet, I'm but a stranger in this place;
But hope your city I shall ne'er disgrace.
With kind intent I came to settle here,
And hope e'er long to prove myself sincere:
I came indeed to be the friend of all,
Both night and day to be at every call.
My services to tender thro' each season,
Your countenance I crave then—'tis but reason,
And as your welfare only I intend,
I hope you'll treat me as your cordial friend.
Altho' my real worth you've scarcely prov'd,
Yet where I'm better known I'm always lov'd; (known,
The family from whence I sprang, 'tis
By their atchievements gain'd great renown.
My services are multiform, and great,
Nor need I half my deeds to you relate;
But as you'll wish to know what deeds I'll do,
Now by your leave, I will relate a few.
'Midst all the bustle of this busy city,
Whether by Cookmaid, Scullion, John, or Kitty,
By rich or poor, by Sir or Madam wanted,
'Tis but to seek my aid, and it is granted.
I will asist in fitting out your fleets,
Or I will condescend to clean your streets;
Whene'er you please to bake, boil, wash, or brew,
At every call my service I'll renew.
And when the dreadful element of fire
Doth every Citizen with zeal inspire
To lend a hand, and stop its furious rage;
Then in the direful conflict I'll engage,
And do more execution in an hour,
Than fifty Citizens will do in four:
Yet such my regulations, such my laws,
I never stir from home, whatever cause.
But this your curiousity will most excite,
I'm to my bed confin'd both day and night.
Altho' my constitution's very good,
I often vomit when I take my food;
I often drink, altho' I'm never dry,
I'm always dropsical, but don't know why.
I have a faithful sister to attend me,
Who doth at all times kind assistance lend me;
Yet always absent when I need her most,
If present, all her services are lost.
Altho' my Capital in trade is large,
Some doubt I never shall my debts discharge,
Yet I'm a principal in your *first* Bank,
And with your *last*, I hold an equal rank.
Millions in payments I discharge each day,
Altho' some clam'rous tongues say I delay:
All my remittances are under cover,
And all my drafts I'll honor ten times over.
Some ill-dispos'd have strove to run me down,
For these I oft shed tears;—but never frown:
Altho' their conduct has been thus uncivil,
I always will return them good for evil.
As to connexions, I can boast of many,
Few Citizens can boast of more, if any;
Now Gents declare this wond'rous stranger's name,
And for his merits blow the trump of fame.

R. W.

Extract from the "FARMER'S BOY."*

SPRING—*Youthful Feelings.*

O COME, blest spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou rushing warmth that hovers round my heart, (joy,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and faithful still to me,
Retrace the path of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse,
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes, (skies:
Nor Science led me through the boundless
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!
And lead my soul to extacies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells:
But mould to Truth's fair form what Memory tells.
(song,
Live, trifling incidents, and grace my
That to the humblest menial belong;
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned, as his cares or woes:
Tho' joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own; (dew;
Quick springing sorrows transient as the
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.
'Twas thus with Giles; meek, fatherless, and poor;
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd;
His life was constant, cheerful, servitude;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, Nature was his book:
And, as revolving seasons chang'd the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Tho' every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

* *A handsome edition of this beautiful and extraordinary poem has been lately published by Mr. James Humphreys.*

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

A pathetic Song—From a late London paper.

THERE came to the beech a poor EXILE of ERIN, (chill;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind beaten hill:—
But the day-star attracted his eyes and devotion;
For it rose on his own native Isle of the ocean,
Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion
He sung the bold anthem of "ERIN, go bragh!"

"Oh sad is my fate (said the heart broken stranger)
The wild deer and wolf to covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger—
A home and a country remain not to me!
Ah, never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of "ERIN, go bragh!"

ERIN, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit the sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me!
In the mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me,
Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood!
Sisters, and Sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood; (all?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than
Ah, my sad soul, abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?
Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without measure—
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;—
ERIN, an Exile, bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, ERIN, go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion:
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean;
And my harp-stringing bards sing aloud with devotion—
"ERIN, ma vourneen—ERIN, go bragh!"